THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutis incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna. HORACE.

Fortune in cruel disappointment joys,
And more she laughs, as more her vot'ry sighs;
Unstable her attachments, now on me
She smiles propitious, and then toys with thee. ANONYMOUS.

NOTHING, at this moment, more loudly calls on the moralist, the divine, and every man anxious to promote moral rectitude, for a union of their influence, and a full and free expression of their thoughts, than LOTTERIES.

We are a growing people, our habits, our common manners, our pursuits and our opinions, will indisputably have great influence on, at least, the succeeding generation. Wisely was it said by one of the ancients, man was not born for himself alone, but for posterity. Parents give a bias to their children, nay often, with grief do I write it, to them their vices are dear: Thus meditating, do we not stand in a very responsible situation? Is it not our duty to weigh judiciously all our intended actions, and consider well their tendency, lest thereby we should give a precedent to our offspring fraught with ruin?

Few religious societies exist, which have not, in the most pointed manner, reprobated gaming of all kinds: They rightly judged, that since man was not the creature of chance, on chance he had no right to depend for *subsistence*. Were indeed a superabundance of wealth absolutely necessary to procure happiness and inseperably connected with it, then it would be our chief interest to acquire the thing without reference to the means; but since wealth, very seldom indeed,

procures happiness, we ought to look for it where it is assuredly to be found, in the practice of virtue; nothing has been found more conducive to this grand end, than industry; and to check this, lotteries have an evident tendency. The poor man who supports his family by his daily labour, hears that his neighbour has drawn a prize of 4000 dollars; immediately his peace of mind is destroyed—his labour is much more toilsome than before; my neighbour has drawn 4000 dollars! rings in his ears, discontentment preys on his spirits, envy rankles in his breast; he leaves his work, sells perhaps some of his moveables, and buys a lottery ticket. For some months, it is true, he is elevated with hope, lays schemes and forms plans of convenience and aggrandizement, whilst the grand prize is his in imagination; but the dark moment at last comes; unfortunate man, he draws a blank!—he curses his fortune—blames the stars—and thinks that Providence was much more kind to his neighbour than to him; he now begins to calculate his lost time, the price of his ticket, the mental loss he has sustained by the disappointment, which is so much taken from the real quantum of happiness; and then can draw a wise conclusion, he has acted foolishly.

While lotteries remained unsanctioned by legal authority, they had not the power of doing much evil; but now the business seems to be reduced to a regular system: All improvements must be made by lotteries, that is, the many must be impoverished that the *few* may be enriched—but this is no new thing under the sun—for nations have for years waded through fields of blood, and were they thereby made more free?—No,—the consequences were, a few individuals were thereby raised to the highest state of aggrandizement. Even whilst bodies politic only, favoured lotteries, we still had some hold to which we could fly to save us from a total depravity of morals on this head—the clergy opposed them as a system of gaming, tending to shake the mind in its dependence on Providence, to weaken the sinews of industry, implant vain desires, and coveting that which was not ours; inspiring us with joy at the loss of others, and a poisonous envy at their good fortune—a sighing for wealth, without knowing, that whilst blessed with competency, we enjoyed it, and thereby rendering us discontented with the station to which we were allotted by our MAKER—but tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, even the *clergy*, on this point, have forsaken us, like DEMAS, in love with the present world.

They, it is true, still admit that lotteries are not in strict consonance with the precepts of the gospel, but nevertheless they have permitted *the ends to sanctify the means*, and *flourishing churches* have been raised by iniquitous lotteries; nor is this departure from principle to be charged to one sect only; I believe none (the society of friends excepted) can be exempted from the charge—all blame them, yet all use them. Lotteries at present may be justly compared to vice, blamed by every one and practised by all. The prophet MICAH *chap.* iii. 10. says of the Israelitish priests and rulers that They build up Zion with blood and Jerusalem with iniquity; and HABAKKUK ii. 12. thus gives, with strength, the same sentiment, Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and stablisheth a city by iniquity—clearly shewing that the ends did not sanctify the means; the woe rested on the trader in crime, though he erected a temple, nay built up Zion with his ill-gotten gain.

How can our clergy, who have been active in procuring lotteries to raise and embellish their proud edifices, speak from the sacred desk against gaming, when a respondent might answer from every pew, By gaming was this house erected.

If we wish to reprove vice of any kind with success, our hands should be clean, nay, not only clean, but we must be, as CÆSAR said of his wife, *unsuspected*.

What has been done, cannot now be undone; but if we be convinced that we have done evil, let us do so no more. Let Pennsylvania set the laudable example, and Philadelphia go foremost. Let us at the next session of the assembly, petition our legislature to put a stop to this progressing evil. It is never too late to do well; laudable ways and means may be easily devised to supercede the use of lotteries, which cannot be defended either on religious or moral principles. Let the church retrace its steps—let the religious of all denominations, for the honour of Christianity, lift up their voices against them, and never, never let it hereafter be said, that they shall *build up Zion with iniquity*.

OBADIAH OPTIC.

A COURTIER once said to Alexander, "I have discovered that a certain person is in love with your daughter." "Well, and what must I do with him?" asked the prince, "Put him to death," was the reply. "Alas!" said the hero, "if I put to death not only those who are my enemies, but also those who love my family, I fear that the world will be soon depopulated."

ORIGINAL.

THE TORTOISE.—No. XI.

A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real prejudices,
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told. PRIOR.

CONSIDERING man in the relation he stands to the numerous follies with which the age abounds, can we, without violating reason, contemplate him as a rational being? Were we to view him as erect in stature, beautiful in symmetry, and above all possessing an intelligent immortal soul, and look no farther, we should be induced to designate him perfection personified:—But, ah! his frail nature continually discovers itself by the eccentricities of his conduct. No sooner does he attain to that period of life when the powers of the mind begin to expand so as to comprehend subjects of magnitude, than his fancy roams beyond the bounds of reason and wantons with imaginary objects. To what cause, whether natural or physical, I will not pretend to decide, but true it is, that in most young persons, a romantic disposition so predominates as frequently to render them singular beings in the midst of society. At the twilight of maturity, if Prudence take not under her direction the youthful mind, it creates to itself subjects for consideration which have no place in the empire of reason: This disposition is sometimes fatal to the subjects of its influence, as it leads them astray from the path of virtue:—At this time they may be compared to travellers bewildered in a road, the haunt of robbers, who seek to despoil all who pass of the most valuable articles they possess. Vice has her numerous accomplices who are ever alert to decoy the unwary—they display her glittering enticements and exert for the purpose her most pleasing enchantments, whilst the child of romance, too frequently, becomes the victim of her delusions. This disposition may originate in either or both the causes mentioned; yet do I believe it would be more often evanescent were it not cherished and kept alive by education and habit.

I have been prompted to these reflections from a perusal of the following section, furnished by TRUEMAN, from his manuscript volume.

* * * * * * * * *

—— Olivia, tho' born to inherit riches, was destined a child of sorrow from that moment when the dawn of thought broke on her youthful mind. Delicate by nature, the fond hope of her delighted parents, she was nursed with care, and her infantile years were watched with tender solicitude; as the dew is exhaled by the morning sun, so her juvenile griefs were soothed by the kindest attentions. As her years increased, regard was had to her amusements and studies; presuming her constitution too feeble to engage in those which are calculated to inform the understanding and strengthen the judgment, her parents, under the influence of a mistaken notion, that works of fancy would be more congenial to her nature and conducive to her health, furnished her with the productions of authors most celebrated as writers of romance. Here a fountain of deception was opened to her senses; and, sanctioned by those whom duty taught her to esteem as the most proper directors of her pursuits, she drank copious of its deleterious streams; her visionary ideas now induced her to seek the company and converse of those angel-painted beings, which existed only in the imaginations of such authors as she was accustomed to read: Her father was now looked on as the obdurate tyrant, and her mother the watchful duenna, who combined their exertions to prevent her enjoying those enchanting pleasures her soul longed to participate: Often would she wander through the fields, when the beauties and silence of evening invited the soul to contemplate the sublimity of the scene, and excited the grateful heart to adore the God of nature; alone would she sit at the border of some meandering stream, tell the pale moon the sorrows which swelled her bosom, sigh in concert with the passing breeze, and invoke the stars to witness her woes; a mysterious melancholy marked her air whilst discontent blasted the bloom of her countenance and tinged her cheeks with a pallid hue:—Alas, Olivia!—those sorrows were imaginary—little didst thou then know the reality of woe.—Ere the morn of youth was lost in the meridian of age, her eyes were closed by accumulated miseries!

Albert saw her—he was apprized of her fortune; the prize was alluring to him who had been ruined by libertinism; yet he was sensible that no address, of which he was capable, could gain for him the consent of her parents to an union; her wealth was the supreme object of his desires, and to secure

this, he cared not to employ whatever means were likely to succeed. Accomplished and artful in his manners he soon obtained an introduction to her family, and meeting her disposition, ingratiated himself in her favour until he became the sovereign of her affections, and influenced her mind as his wishes prompted: He taught her to construe even his vices into virtues, whilst her fanciful dreams presented a prospect of the purest enjoyments, in his love. Finding he had gained so complete an ascendency over her heart, he ventured, after the most efervescent declaration of his passion, in manner and words of which he knew the power, to suggest an elopement, as the only sure method of obtaining the object of their united wishes—we will return, said he, and ask forgiveness of your parents, whilst their witnessing the happiness we shall enjoy, will be the most powerful motive to induce their acquiescence and obtain their favour; besides, continued he, yourself must conceive of the additional flow of pleasure which must result from a marriage thus consummated. OLIVIA needed but little persuasion—the syren tongue of seduction had removed ever objection which natural affection could suggest; and the execution of the plan was hastened by his avidity to seize the glittering reward which a marriage contract would place within his reach. His object was soon accomplished, and the fortune of OLIVIA was in his power. Her parents, though they disapproved her conduct, knew it was now too late to remonstrate, they were therefore silent on the subject, which induced her to believe what ALBERT had before asserted, that their mutual happiness would constrain approbation.

The scene which now opened to OLIVIA's view was of quite a different shade from that which fancy had presented to her imagination. The anticipated years of domestic felicity, were reversed to tedious hours of lonesome inquietude. ALBERT, having at command sources of supply, passed his time with those who had before been companions in his debaucheries; habits which had taken such deep root, seemed radical; while he possessed the means of supporting his vicious pursuits, OLIVIA was left to mourn her unpropitious fate; still her mind, directed by fancy, looked forward to some incident which should reclaim the libertine and restore the kind husband to her arms:—Fallacious hope!—the phantom of imagination!

By excess of dissipation, in a short time, his new acquired fortune was exhausted; and himself incumbered with various debts; to extricate himself from these, he had recourse to OLIVIA's father, who, at the earnest and repeated solicitations of his injured daughter, became her husband's security—fatal kindness!—ALBERT, at length, seeing no prospect of future supplies, having involved the family to the extent of its resources, sought in flight a refuge from the impending storm of ruin.

OLIVIA was a mother—but her thoughts of happiness evanished. Her father being embarrassed by the debts of her husband, together with his own engagements, bankruptcy was the consequence. Disease entered her dwelling and her only remaining comfort was snatched from her bosom by death. Unable to support the shock of successive disappointments and accumulated misery, her weak reason gave way, and she contracted that fatal disorder of the mind, melancholy, which was generated by the sentiments she imbibed in youth from those sources whence she derived her education;—thus she lingered, the child of anxiety, the victim of real and imaginary grief, till the taper of existence, which but glimmered in its socket, was extinguished by death. TIM TITULAR.

SELECTED.

REFLECTIONS ON AGRICULTURE.

(continued from page 214.)

WHATEVER difference there may be between the husbandman and farmer in the country, and the merchant, tradesman, and manfacturer in cities; however remote their situation from each other, and how unlike soever their habits and manners; yet, between commerce and agriculture there is a connection, which has been found by experience to be reciprocally beneficial. Commerce naturally arises from agriculture; and it returns to it by its own tendency, and by the circulation it occasions. Thus, the rivers return into the sea, which has produced them by the exhalation of its waters into vapours, and by the fall of those vapours when changed into waters. The quantity of gold brought by the transportation and consumption of the fruits of the earth, returns into its bosom, and re-produces all the necessaries of life, and materials of commerce. If the lands be not cultivated, all commerce is pre-

carious, because it is deprived of its principal supplies, which are the productions of nature. Nations, that are only maritime and commercial, enjoy, it is true, the fruits of commerce; but the origin of it is to be found among those people that are skilled in the cultivation of land; agriculture, therefore, is the chief and real opulence of a state; and those very nations which are the most commercial, have necessarily become the greatest promoters of agriculture.

It is a fact somewhat remarkable, though it might naturally be expected, that men should have returned to the exercise of agriculture, the first of the arts, only after they had successively tried all the rest. It is the common progression of the human mind, not to regain the right path, till after it has exhausted itself in pursuing false and delusive tracks. It is always advancing; and as it relinquished agriculture, to pursue commerce and the enjoyments of luxury, it soon traversed the different arts of life, and returned at last to agriculture, which is the source and foundation of all the rest; and to which it devoted its whole attention, from the same motives of interest, by which it had been induced before to abandon it.

Every thing indeed, depends upon the cultivation of land. It forms the internal strength of states; and introduces into them the circulation of riches from without. Power derived from any other source, whether considered in a natural or moral light, is artificial and precarious. That industry and commerce which do not directly affect the agriculture of a country, are in the power of foreign nations, who, from motives of envy and emulation, may be induced to dispute these advantages with them, and perhaps finally to destroy them. This may be effected either by establishing the same branch of industry among themselves, or by suppressing the exportation of their own unwrought materials, or the importation of those materials when manufactured. But a country well cultivated, occasions an increase of population; and riches are the natural consequences of that increase. This is not the serpent's teeth which Cadmus sows to bring forth soldiers to destroy each other: It is the milk of Juno, that peoples the Heavens with an infinity of stars. In a word, if we must make a distinction between what we hope ever to see united, agriculture and commerce, it may be observed of the former, that, when assiduously pursued, it is the source of that internal greatness, which must necessarily be permanent; while commerce, that at least which depends upon a complicated system of extrin-

sic and adventitious circumstances, must as necessarily be precarious and uncertain; witness the fate of three celebrated cities, Venice, Bruges, and Antwerp, which, before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, the civil wars in the low countries, and the establishment of the Dutch Republic, were successively the great emporiums of the world; so just is the observation of Goldsmith, in his Deserted Village:—

> That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
> As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
> While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
> As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

It will not be thought, we hope, that what has been hitherto said upon this subject is mere general declamation, incapable of particular proof. Of the local and internal advantage of agriculture, a writer, well qualified to decide upon this subject, mentions one striking instance. Speaking of Norfolk as one of the best cultivated counties in England, he observes, that there are estates in it, 'the income of which, by mere dint of judicious industry (the true philosophic extension of man's dominion as a rational being) has been more than doubled within memory; while the lands, in general, in this country, have, in their value, greatly increased.' We have not room to adduce other instances, nor will they perhaps, be deemed necessary. Yet of agriculture in its most contracted sense, as distinct from the planting of vines, &c. a fact has been related in a very respectable publication, which is too remarkable to be omitted, viz. that 'in all the provinces in France, where the chief business of the inhabitants was husbandry and agriculture, the people in general were taller, stronger, less volatile, and more populous, than those who cultivated vineyards. This remark, supported by a detail of natural reasons, was communicated to a member of the society of agriculture in France, who laid it before the ministry.'

From the vast and extensive utility of agricultue, we may next advert to the peaceful innocence which is natural to the husbandman's life and to the pleasures of which it is productive, where the mind is well formed, and not uncultured. In the country we contemplate the vast and noble scenes of nature; in cities we are conversant with the confined and perishing works of art. *There* we walk in the light and open ways of the divine bounty; *here* we grope in the dark and intricate labyrinths of human policy and malice. In the country our

senses are feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects; which in cities, the busier haunts of men, are too often overwhelmed with their very opposites. *There* Pleasure appears, like a beautiful, virtuous, and endearing wife, in all the native charms of simplicity and truth: *Here* she assumes the form of the fickle, mercenary, and painted harlot, whose obtruding beauties glitter a while in the gaudy but fading colours of seduction, and leave disgust, remorse and misery behind. Nor must we here omit a pleasure, which is, as it were, the perpetual and favourite companion of the husbandman—the heart-felt satisfaction of looking round, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvement of his own skill and diligence; to be always gathering some fruits of it, and at the same time to see others ripening and others buding; to behold all his fields and gardens covered, by the divine blessing, with the bounteous creatures of his own industry; to see, like the DEITY, that all his works are good; and, in the grateful raptures of exultation, to exclaim in this fine apostrophe to agriculture:—

"Fair queen of arts, from Heav'n itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame.
Oh, still with thee, sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquilize the mind:
Nature and art we view—delight and use combin'd!"

Nor must the antiquity and dignity of this art be forgotten. The three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a shepherd. GOD placed Adam in the garden of Eden, "to dress it and to keep it." Cain "was a tiller of the ground, and Abel a keeper of sheep." The origin of this art may indeed, if we believe the wise Son of Sirach, be termed divine: "Hate not laborious work," says he, "*neither husbandry, which the MOST HIGH hath ordained.*" *(to be concluded.)*

NO TIME CAN BE WRONG.

A PERSON asking Diogenes what was the best dinner hour? was answered by the cynic, "*Any hour!*—"Nay, said the man, *any hour* will not suit rich and poor too!" "But it will though," retorted the philosopher; a rich man may dine *any hour that he likes*,—and a poor man, *any hour that he can.*"

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

THE SLAVE.

HOW oft when tempests dire, obscure the sky,
While by fierce winds and waves o'er ocean borne;
Regret's warm torrent fills my sadden'd eye;
I mourn for peace, now never to return.

Once on me smiled a wife and blooming boy,
Once I with pleasure till'd my native soil;
Then work was pastime, labour was my joy,
But pleasure, now alas! is turn'd to toil.

How sweet! how sweet! when in the shade of eve,
My wife would meet me at our cottage door;
When her lov'd lips affection's kiss would give,
And joy to think my labour was no more.

And are these joys from me, forever gone,
Must I forever plough th' Atlantic wave!
Shall I no more, with rapture, hail the dawn,
But ever wand'ring seek a distant grave!

Was it for this I rose to active life,
Are these the endless joys I had in view?
Was it for this, I woo'd a tender wife,
Are these the happy scenes my fancy drew?

ORAM a slave! Alas, and can it be?
Can he endure the scoffs of wanton pride?
Can slav'ry's bands bind him who once was free?
No—give me freedom—then take all beside.

But ah! the white man will not heed my pray'r,
He hears—but pity moves him not, to save:
Then in the sleep of death I'll drown each care,
Come thou dark heaving billow be my grave! A.

ORIGINAL.

FAREWELL LINES.

"REMEMBER me when far away,"
While in some foreign land I roam,
Where driv'n by Fate's adverse decree,
I oft shall sigh for thee and home:

While toss'd upon the restless main,
I'll think of thee each rising day,
And of my native land with pain;
"Remember me when far away."

O think on me "when far away"
While 'midst those happy scenes you move,
Where oft together wont to stray,
We told the story of our love,
When ev'ry blissful morning gave
Sweet promise of a happier day
And veil'd of all my bliss the grave,
"Remember me when far away."

When haply, stretch'd upon the plain,
Where dying heroes press the ground,
Where boastful death and horror reign,
And hurl the woes of war around.—
And should some other swain appear
Oh never, never from me stray—
But think of him who with a tear,
Remembers thee when far away.

Should sickness sink my suff'ring frame,
And in my brain wild fancies play;
STATIRA dear, that much lov'd name,
Shall cheer my heart when far away:
For thine's the heart that fills my breast,
From thee, from thee it ne'er can stray,
Distant from thee it knows no rest,
"Remember me when far away." ANACHARSIS.

ORIGINAL.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CLOCK.

THE hand that doth the minutes trace,
Th' emblem is of pleasures bland;
As soon it marks the circled space,
Swift the time our joys command.

But pains excessive, griefs that low'r,
Seem to stay time's rapid flight;
Thus the slow hand that points the hours,
Lingers long like shades of night. ALICIAN.